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Brown, Thomas
donated a copy of
his book on the
history of the
American people
July
4th, 1835.

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ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE

THE ENOSINIAN SOCIETY

OF THE

COLUMBIAN COLLEGE, D. C.,

JULY 10th, 1835.

BY FREEMAN G. BROWN.

A MEMBER OF SAID SOCIETY

WASHINGTON CITY.

Printed by Benjamin Romans.

1835.

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COLLEGE HILL, *July 9th*, 1835.

DEAR SIR: The Committee of Arrangements for the 4th of July, are instructed to tender you the thanks of the Enosinian Society for the very interesting and appropriate Oration delivered on the Anniversary of American Independence, and to solicit a copy for publication.

With much respect,

We are yours, &c.

WM. CAREY CRANE,
SOLON LINDSLEY,
JAMES BENNETT GIBBS, } Committee.

MR. FREEMAN G. BROWN.

COLUMBIAN COLLEGE, D. C., *July 12th*, 1835.

GENTLEMEN: You have done me the honor to request a copy of the address delivered on the Anniversary of our National Independence, and you will please accept my thanks for this additional token of your regard. If you think its appearance from the press will in any manner farther the cause of true patriotism, it is at your disposal.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

F. G. BROWN.

Messrs. WM. CAREY CRANE,
SOLON LINDSLEY,
JAMES BENNETT GIBBS, } Committee.

ORATION.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: The American yields to the people of no nation in warm and elevated patriotism. He was not born in the court of kings, nor has he inherited a liberal patrimony; he was driven an *exile* from the home of his ancestors; he was cast upon a rock-bound coast and friendless shore, where he conversed with famine and pestilence; he has been familiar with the yell and tomahawk of the savage; and nurtured amid the flames and roar of the battle-field. His fathers have been sacrificed upon the altar of freedom, and his country is bound about his heart with an inseparable cord. The first flowings of his infant veins are animated with the magic notes of independence. The first breathings of his youthful soul are prayers of devotion for the interests of his land, and his sweetest task is in rehearsing its praises.

With feelings like these, we have greeted the returning morn which has ushered in our National Jubilee. Yes! the Sabbath of our Liberty has come and millions are in waiting to pay their homage. Among this vast number, *we* are permitted to form a portion. Welcome, then, fellow-citizens, to the shades of this peaceful grove. You have retired from the anxieties and bustle of life, to join with us in celebrating this public festival—with *us*, a youthful band, who, in conformity to a usage established by the Alumni, and preserved by the associates of our honored alma mater, have convened in this quiet manner to talk over the incidents and state of our country, as those who are about to step upon the stage of manhood. You will bear in mind that our efforts on this occasion are the efforts of juvenile minds, untutored in the knowledge and ability of the orator, and be to us in the language of the poet, "*nostris erroribus indulgete, et nostris virtutibus valde benigne.*"

Shall we improve the few moments allotted us by dwelling upon the advantages which the great charter of our liberties guarantees to us? Shall we comment or reflect upon its high

practical results in the establishment of our civil, political, and religious institutions? No! the comparative excellence of our Government, overflowing as it is with the most glowing and lovely display for the pencil of the painter, and the enchanting powers of the poet; this shall not be the subject of our theme. Confident as we are that our political organization will be sustained by posterity, it will be sufficient that *they* write the history of those truths which we so highly appreciate, and which we so often delight to eulogize. Or shall we take you back to those dark and frightful days, when a few feeble colonies were hunted and butchered by a numberless and inhuman foe? *Shall* we ruffle your peaceful bosoms by depicting the scenes of blood and conflagration which marked the footsteps of our cruel enemy? Shall we awake again the long-hushed cries of helpless orphans and bereaved widows ascending to heaven for vengeance upon the author of their woes? No! Those who were once our enemies are now our friends; they have entwined the laurel branch about our flag and given us the emblem of peace: as christians then, as philanthropists, we should never wish to disturb the hatchet which has been formally buried under the tree of peace. We should show to them and to the world that magnanimity and loftiness of soul, which bear such fortunes without undue elation and with becoming modesty.

Since neither of the aforementioned topics are those of our choice, shall we dwell upon the virtues of those who were engaged in these struggles for our freedom, and have left to us lasting proofs of their valor upon the plains of Lexington, the heights of Bunker Hill, Saratoga or York Town? No! their fame is written in the hearts of their countrymen, and the latest generation will be familiar with their deeds, though they be traced upon no showy monument. Peace, then, to the ashes of the soldiers of the revolution! Peace to the decaying relics of our venerated fathers! while we would not forget their virtues, we would rejoice in hope that their heroic spirits blaze around the throne of God, and there bask in the sunshine of eternal bliss.

Passing over, then, a review of these topics, let it be our object not so much to delineate the attracting features of our wide-spread field of happiness, as to light upon spots wild and uncultivated. Others have sketched their glowing pictures of the present age in the onward march of mechanism, of invention, of experiment, of enterprize, of moral chemistry, of concentration, &c., and especially can this spirit be

said to prevail among the American people; they aim to strip science of its intricacies and to adapt their investigations to the great and noble pursuits of life. Nor are they satisfied with present acquirements, but are pushing on their inquiries, and steadily and perseveringly striving to reduce the whole world of matter and mind to general principles, easy to be understood by all. And such is the restless spirit for improvement now apparent throughout our land, that we may rest confident that our countrymen will never cease their zeal in extending the dominion of science over the laws of nature. Our country is fast advancing in population; our Atlantic cities are daily crowded with immense numbers from abroad. The tide of emigration is rolling onward toward the mighty West, darkening the extended prairie and causing the wilderness to smile. The genius of America is unfolding her scroll that we may catch a view of our future glory. How often have statesmen of all nations, casting their eyes over this country, and viewing peaceful villages, magnificent cities, and extended territories, powerful fleets, and vast wealth, felt their whole souls overwhelmed in anticipation of the sublime spectacle that must one day burst upon the vision of the world.

But, fellow-citizens! can you be ignorant that, notwithstanding all these indications of happiness and prosperity, there are evils in operation through the whole length and breadth of our Union that threaten to blight these fair hopes, and convert the joyous exclamations of statesmen into long and bitter wailing? There are such evils, and it will be our design to point them out and suggest suitable correctives. We wish to speak of *facts*: with the leaves of a sybil we have nothing to do. To flatter our vanity and lull us to sleep, when threatening clouds o'erhang our heads, is by no means the duty of one who makes his *country* his theme.

It is a matter of comparatively small consequence that we be zealous and critical in finding out whether every minutiae in politics are strictly orthodox, and then whether they be entertained and practically obeyed. Very few are the governments which have sunk on account of having imbibed wrong ideas of civil codes necessary to their prosperity. Industry, frugality, and virtue, when combined, have done more to cement and strengthen a republic than all the deep and profound investigations in the science of politics. There is nothing wonderfully mysterious in framing laws competent to advance a community; the most necessary impulsive forces lie not within the range or right of legislation. These are

correct dispositions and feelings, moral sentiments, and habits of men. And in the same degree that they are destitute of these qualifications, in the same proportion will they be ungovernable, and they may arrive at that state where human wisdom can never reach them. All the projects and philanthropy of statesmen cannot reclaim or open before them a happy road to honor. Under other and better circumstances it is an easy task to make laws for nations. Men possess *within* themselves the principles of vitality or destruction. The perpetuity of government depends upon the virtues at their fire-sides, and in their social intercourse with each other. Ask the greatest of the fallen republics to tell you the rock on which they suffered shipwreck, and their reply would be, that it was not so much the misconceptions of suitable legislative enactments as the inordinate desires of those who composed the people. They would tell you that the temperance of Sparta was the safest bulwark that ever surrounded a city. They would tell you that fortifications, however lofty and seemingly impregnable, will not give security when effeminacy and vice reign within. That it is far easier to undermine piles of rock, than to shake the virtue and sobriety of a people. They would tell you that when a people are stupified by voluptuousness, standing armies are weak agents in repelling hostile invaders. They would tell you that the laws of Lycurgus nourished the strongest sinew that ever hurled a javelin, and cultivated a brazen fortitude that could endure any hardships and face any foe. The record of the effects of luxury in the history of our race is appalling to humanity, as it is disgraceful to rational creatures. The motto of the epicure, "*live, while you live!*" seems to have been adopted as a just sentiment, and sensual gratification has been most eagerly sought as the only end for which man was created. And what has been the consequence? Human life has been diminished from an age to a fleeting day. The manly, the athletic form has dwindled into a mere dwarf; the stern visage and lofty brow have lost their befitting peculiarity. And even since our own settlement as a people this change may be seen. Had not our fathers possessed an iron constitution, they never could have endured the many fatigues and exposures which fell to their lot in their long campaigns in the pursuit of freedom. Had they not lived in and courted danger, they must inevitably have been overcome by the superior military force of their enemies. Had they been reared upon the lap of luxury, tasted the grapes of every vine, and been fed upon

the fruits of every zone, they never could have looked famine in the face and bade defiance to hunger and cold. In this instance of peril, their temperance and simple regimen were more to them than multitudes of disciplined troops, and their sobriety both wrought and wielded their weapons. But it needs no sapient mind to discover that the cities which were founded by them, a hardy and weather-beaten race, whose countenances glowed with the vigor of health long after four-score years had passed over their heads, *now* exhibit a puny stock debilitated by the least exposure or physical effort, while the sunken eye, pale cheek, and languid gait exhibit the thousands which death is annually slaying upon the altar of fashion and extravagance. As a necessary consequence of this more than raging epidemic, debility of intellect follows. Luxury retards mental exercise, enfeebles the powers of the understanding, dissipates the imagination, and shuts up the gates of the soul. A greater part of the books that crowd our "circulating libraries" have been written under the influence of a morbid and sickly mind—a mind devoid of clearness of perception and wanting in full and vigorous exercise. How many are there among us of all ages and sexes who plunge headlong into the current of popular taste, and are fascinated more by the tale of some bravo, midnight assassin, sick-brained lover, or sea fairy, than by the solid and polishing works of moral science and history. They have become mentally intoxicated, and of course demanded an aliment corresponding to the state of their souls. How many among the great mass of young men in our country that would sooner covet and earn a fame for the authorship of some popular novel, than even for a *discovery* in natural or intellectual philosophy! And how many a fair dame that would sooner blush to own her ignorance of certain stories of fiction, than the branches of geology, chemistry and botany! Is our highest delight always to be found in perusing the productions of a vicious heart? Is the saying true which has been asserted with so much confidence both among ourselves and abroad, that we can encourage no literary or scientific work unless it be exotic; that Americans will read every thing in which they are caricatured, but nothing that gives a fair and correct portrait of themselves and their country? If this last assertion be true, foreign emissaries rightly understand our character in gratifying their own selfish, niggardly spirit. Another Basil Hall, Trollope, or Kemble, may visit our shores, partake of our hospitalities and civilities, and finally gull their benefactors by selling

them their shameless books. The giants in intellect and physical frame who flourished in by-gone days, and whose labors were so highly appreciated, who carried us through our revolution, bearing aloft over every obstacle and through every danger, and finally placing our Government on the pillars which now uphold it, were not of this degenerate school. The secret of their success lay simply in their physical strength and moral training, by which they were able to labor long and perseveringly in the mines of science and the great business of active life.

I have hinted that literature takes its complexion from the state of the public mind. If a sickly taste characterizes the people, they call into use a corresponding kind of literature, and so the reverse. Thus too with *arts*, no new inventions are made while the powers of genius are weakened by the infirmities of dissipation, or chilled by the neglect of a community devoted to luxury. But industry and manual labor are too generally looked upon as compulsive, arising from misfortune, and held as becoming only the lowest class of society. Hence many in order to acquire a livelihood, without the disgrace which themselves and others affix to labor, seek for offices and titles of distinction, both at the expense of health and emolument. How many are the parents who send their sons to colleges, and give them a profession in order that they may flourish with a "degree," when they would figure far better at the anvil or plough. Is this the way to rear up the temple of liberty and give a symmetry to its every part! Away, then, with the idea that industry and the operative arts are a reproach. Every man, though he be as rich as Cræsus, is bound by the laws of God to be *actively* engaged in some employment. And so far from the mechanic and laborer being useless in the erection and preservation of our Union, they are its bone and muscle, its *pride* in the eye of the political economist, without whom this national fabric must fall to ruins.

But the greatest evil of luxury is seen among the less opulent of our population. Fascinated by the life of their more wealthy neighbors, and anxious to flourish in a similar style and circle, and conceiving mere wealth a passport to respectability, they are ready to sacrifice their all, in order to obtain what will enable them to equal in splendor their more opulent neighbors. Such are the legitimate consequences of luxury. No circumstances whatever can lessen its effects. It is more deadly than the pestilence which slays with its unseen darts its thousands; and more to be deplored

than the ravages of famine or war. If then you would not see science, religion, the arts, the happiness of mankind, and our glory as a country blighted and buried, you must turn your attention to a correction of this evil. Heaven calls upon you as accountable beings, to disabuse the blessings of a provident hand; the soul, its energies, its exercises, its value unite in protesting against brutallizing by animal indulgences, and destroying that immortal part for the culture of which, man was created and lives. This is not a subject for declamation, or passing notice, it is one which bears directly on all that is precious in that boon which cost our fathers years of trial, and rivers of blood; if we do not view it in all its heinousness and detriment to our political institutions, it will bring upon us the curses of early decay, and bury us with those nations whose fluted columns and gilded temples are now mouldering in ruins!

Men are overleaping the bounds of independence, and in their stride for liberty are forging their own fetters. The good and virtuous are beholding with pain the general spread of insurrections. The wise are asking for the magnitude and boundary of this portentous evil. The peaceable are inquiring if their lives and homes shall always be placed in jeopardy by the ruthless hand of an enraged populace, hurried on to deeds of slaughter peradventure by the incendiary movements of a mere outlaw? The citizen is demanding if he is always to wear about his person weapons to defend himself from the attacks of a madman? The friend of religion, if God's sanctuary is to be desecrated and wrapt in conflagrations? And the sentinel of liberty, if freedom of conscience, speech, and action, on the great subject of politics are to be restrained, and the day set apart for an expression of the popular will in the selection of their rulers be violated by storming the ballot-box, and falsifying the suffrages of the American people? Can liberty exist without law? No!—If we *have* laws let *them* be the guardians of our liberties, and let *them* pursue and chastise those by whom they are disregarded. Let those who are the friends of good order show their willingness to abide the decision of our judiciary, and let them assist our police in every possible manner in bringing offenders to justice. Let this evil continue and the time draws nigh (has it not already approached,) when the mouths of your legislators will be silenced by those who stand ready to make them pay the penalty for the free and open discharge of their duties. If this infamous work of dis-

organization proceed as within the year past it has ; if this tide of outrage and lawless violence still swell on, then, "farewell, a long farewell, to all our greatness !" Anarchy is our lot, the sun of our liberty has set, and the historian may write upon our mouldering ramparts "*fuit Ilium !*"

Another topic to which we would invite your attention, is *frenzy in party zeal*. Party spirit was said, by an eloquent writer, to be "the salt of our political existence," and we are far from holding out an idea that parties founded on *principle* operate otherwise than to the public good. Like fair systems of competition, parties promote the cause in which they are engaged, by correcting each others errors, and fostering a noble emulation in public men. And so long as they make it their business to search out truth, and honorably maintain their sentiments, and with justice and good feeling expose the falsities of their opponents, so long as they are united not to advance *men* ; not to raise factions and intrigues ; not to abuse and calumniate, so long they are the vital principle which flows throughout the political system, and gives a healthy action to its every member. Without party spirit, the interest taken by a people in their country would be hardly perceivable ; no new projects would be adopted for its good ; a knowledge of its history, its constitution, its executive, legislative, and judicial powers and privileges would be but little studied, and consequently imperfectly understood ; patriotism would be quenched, and an apathy prevail among those who compose the nation, that would sooner or later work its destruction. But while such are the benefits of party spirit, "energetic, yet forbearing—animated, yet tractable—warm, yet courteous," frenzy in party spirit is a corrosion of the deadliest kind, it perverts political schemes, powers, and privileges, which had for their object the highest interests of a country, and "visibly destroys the fabric upon which it feeds." This spirit has stolen into the domestic apartment, and breaking up relations and friendships, has entailed an odium which has descended from sire to son, and from mother to daughter ; it has entered the house of God, committed sacrilege upon its altar, and closed the book of life. The statesman has fancied a plot in every action and measure of his fellow ; he has looked with a jealous eye upon his coadjutors in power, and doubted the motives of those, not of his party, who have in a *solitary* instance acted with him ; he has sought more to identify himself with a *name* than to act a magnanimous, independent part on the political arena, fearless of the frowns of partizans,

and despising the adulations of the ignorant. By this means, instead of the offices in the gift of the people being aspired to by the worthy, there is a disgust for distinctions which are attainable only at the expense of all that is personally dear. In every government there are generally a few who are mainly instrumental in swaying the public mind—whose voice is law, and to whom the great mass look up as their judges and leaders. The power of such is almost without a limit, and they will often turn it to their own selfish purposes; they will wrap the cloak of purity about the idol of their devotion, array it with decorations which charm the eye of the unsuspecting, and appeal to the depraved passions for shouts of applause. Now it is the policy of republicanism to examine the claims of every man who is a candidate for office, to sound his political principles, his moral purity, integrity, and intellectual power; and it is our deep regret that the possession of these qualifications is not more universally made the criterion for preferment. It must be, or we shall lose the honor of efficient counsellors. Another body of men, whose influence is by no means small, are the conductors of our public journals. Their responsibility to their country cannot be measured; they mould to a great extent the character of a people; they make an impression upon it for the better or worse. Next to the honest and enlightened statesman, there is no individual more deserving the gratitude and honor of a community than a high-minded, intelligent, and virtuous editor of a news journal; such a man exercises a supervision over every branch of society, for which he trims his midnight lamp, watching the liberties of his country; days of pleasure come and go, but not for *him*. Some may devise plans for the corruption of his government, and to spread moral ruin over the land, but *he* is prompt in detecting the offenders and holding them up to public shame. Others may indicate tokens of fear and alarm when danger approaches, but *he* is struggling to avert the storm, and effect the peace and happiness of the people; the undeserving may be commended, but *he* undergoes a martyrdom for the public good; the guilty is punished, the innocent protected, the uninformed instructed, the meritorious introduced into notice, civil and religious liberty advanced, and the citadel of freedom fortified and strengthened. But while our country is blest with many such streams, that water and fertilize, it is curst with an infinite number, whose nauseous and putrid vapor is continually filling the atmosphere with disease and death: they are pests, and more than floating nuisances, and

though they are issued under the sacred motto of "Liberty of the Press," this should be for them no sanction. However high in the estimation of a certain class such men may be, and whatever the professed object of their labor, *they* manifest the spirit which actuates them upon every column of their periodicals—to heap their bitter invectives upon those who are politically opposed to them—to brand with infamy every suggestion that does not harmonize with *their* opinions—to slander and abuse—to scruple the motives and veracity of those who disagree with them—to influence the suffrages of the illiterate by declaiming about aristocracies, democracy, monopolies, &c. ; in one word, to effect their selfish ends, by kindling and causing the fire of party spirit to burn and rage. These, these are the incendiaries which are baffling the hopes, the prayers, and the toils of the patriot, which are creating jealousies and divisions among the people, and embittering their cup with the dregs of wo. Increase and multiply the means of weekly and daily communication throughout our country, let every cottage and cabin be furnished with a newspaper that will give a faithful account of every new movement, and every important matter that relates to the nation ; and let every man be thereby qualified to decide upon the just merits of every question that concerns him as one of a sovereign people. But let not the productions of the designing and mischievous,—the thoughts and actions of the depraved, be found at the door of the guileless peasant, or in the hands of the vicious and lawless, to deceive and contaminate the former, and explode the passions of the latter. Then there *will* be, as there *should* be, a greater confidence in rulers and in the ruled, a less degree of distrust towards those in power, and a more liberal feeling manifested towards those who guide the affairs of State. As a people we are professedly united in one common cause, the good of a Government for which our fathers poured forth their blood and treasures, and in the dissemination of the true doctrines of liberty. We are the children of those who have collected together from various nations ; who fled from tyranny oppression, and factions, to enjoy undisturbed the blessings of a free and happy nation ; we are surrounded with every facility to gain happiness and glory. Providence has smiled upon all our efforts, and showered upon us the bounties of his hand, and if we prove negligent of our trust and privileges, the voice of our fathers will be heard from the grave in terms of rebuke ; the same kind hand which has been with

us in war and peace, will be uplifted to destroy our possessions and lay our honor in the tomb. If then a relation so near subsists between us, let it be manifest in all our words and actions. Because we may differ as to the precise principles best adapted to increase our interests, it does not follow that ill will or disingenuous feelings should be cherished in our bosoms towards each other; that we should hold those who disagree with us as *enemies* to their country; patriotism may be as ardent and pure in that man, whose opinions are *erroneous*, as in him who entertains correct views of government; it is an error of the *head* and not of the *heart*. We have no warrant, then, to charge a man with wicked motive, who advocates that which his *intellect* if improved would not teach. Such conduct tends to gender strife, and separate our affections even from our country, and when the crisis arrives, where its safety demands our mutual co operation, prejudices and hatred may be found created which will act as barriers to our united exertions.

To the end that no catastrophe like that we have mentioned may occur—that our southern skies may never again be overcast with the dark and frightening clouds of disunion, or any portion of our hemisphere be again rent with the hurricanes of popular clamor and excitement, let us draw tighter the bands of love; let sectional jealousies be abandoned; let us seek for those to be our rulers who are gifted with proper abilities, whatever their names, their party, or wherever their homes; let us be so firmly united that those who are now anxiously longing to behold our ruin, may behold in the perspective terror and disappointment. Let it not be our fault if our country does not flourish, and increase in strength and honor to the latest generation; let *our* exertions be so directed that though star after star may fade from the political heavens, yet the star of America shall continue to shine to the close of time.

Fellow-citizens: The foundation of our prosperity must be laid deep in the spread of intelligence, sound morals, and public order. Far be it from us to intimate that the science of war should not be cultivated by our countrymen. We would not take even a leaf from the chaplet which encircles the brow of the *patriot* warrior. The immortal declaration to which we have this morning listened, was sustained only by the best blood of our country, and its great principles carried through at the point of the bayonet and cannon's mouth. There are crises at which we must summon up all our might in arms, stand upon the bulwarks of our liberties,

and even give our lives away when our country calls for the sacrifice. But we wish to overthrow the notion that military prowess *alone* will be a sufficient safeguard to our interests.

All history will bear me out in the assertion, that it is not the splendor of shields and swords that will give lasting glory to *any* government—it is not the display of banners, drenched in human gore, or the chaplets of our warriors, that will immortalize the American name. No! he who seeks for laurels like these, with which to garnish his country, seeks for leaves that will wither and fade; for we have every indication that the summer of chivalry has past, and winter must entomb them, to decay and mingle with the earth. The age has gone by when the names of a Cæsar, or Frederick, or Bonaparte, or Wellington, will be the brightest gems in the crown of a nation. As men are advancing in knowledge and civilization, they are becoming more refined in their moral feelings; humanity and love are taking the places of the barbarities of the battle field, and nobler and more angelic employments are engaging the ambition of the world. The time has gone by, when the most enchanting and lasting theme for the poet shall be the tale of massacre on the plains of Troy, and when a nation's honor is to be insulted by the domestic trifles and freaks of puerile kings. Another Homer will never make an Achilles the hero of his song. Another Virgil will never begin the inspiration of his muse with "*arma virumque cano*." The time is at hand when we shall no longer look with sympathy upon the mangled body of a Hector, or weep over the misfortunes of an Æneas. Go, visit Vernon, and ask the shades of the illustrious dead, why no gorgeous marble presses his sleeping remains? and I fancy you hear the voice of the hero chiding you for the invidious question, in the answer, that "the spirit of the Alexanders has passed away, and a reign of brotherly affection is ensuing." Go to the heights of Charlestown, and there ask why that grand and peering obelisk has gone up so slowly? and you have the reply, not that the valor of those for whom it was designed is not justly appreciated, or that their names have sunk into oblivion; far, very far, from this; but it is that every trace of that scourge which has set nation against nation, and brother against brother, may be forgotten, and universal peace be restored to all mankind.

If the thrones of despots could speak, would they say they fear our military power more than the moral weapons we are forging to set their subjects free? Go! look into the book

of futurity, and see if the historian has given a high-wrought eulogium upon our insignia of war, if he has lighted up his pages with the blaze of our military achievements. No! he who has declared that "*swords shall be turned into pruning hooks*" will indite to the narrator sublimer subjects; *Christian* historians will then wield the pen, and no longer shall the terror of *arms*, but *moral goodness* graduate the chief glory of a country. What, too, are talents, when conscience has no seat in the heart to govern the intellect or sway the passions? What are political tenets, though grounded, as they may be, in the depths of mental and civil research, and bright and shining as they may otherwise appear, if the *heart* has never been cultivated, and no healthful *moral* streams have ever refreshed the soul! To what may be attributed the many victories of our Washington over his enemies? We see him uniting the efforts of his mind with those of his *heart* for his success. On the eve of battle, silent and alone we trace his walk to some sequestered spot, and there listen in imagination to his supplications unto the Supreme Power to "bless his nerveless arm with might and victory, to smile upon his war-worn soldiers, and awake spirit and fire in every languid pulse." Such a man may well be termed a *Christian* patriot. Place in contrast the two characters of Napoleon and Washington. At the mention of the one, we shudder; at the name of the other we rejoice; the one is associated with all that is inhuman, the other with all that is philanthropic; the one seeks to gratify an insatiable ambition, by deluging his country and the world in misery; the other to break the shackles of tyranny, and prepare all for a glorious immortality. The only material difference between these two individuals lay in this—the former had no cultivation of heart, the latter had. He who combines goodness of soul with correct views of government, is sure of success in managing the ship of State. He will have the respect and love of his subjects, and of course they will second his efforts; but above all he will enjoy the favor of Him who controls the destinies of nations. While such a man will maintain with becoming firmness the great truths of self-government and the rights of his country, he will never close his ear to the cries of justice. In the discharge of his duties as Chief Magistrate his ultimate end will not be to obtain pillared piles, or eternal pyramids to recount his praises. It is enough for him if his name exists in the heart, in the affections of a people whom he has made wiser and better by his administration. It is sufficient for him if he can "wrap the drapery

of his couch about him," and lie down with the conviction that he has performed the highest duties to his fellow-men, and fearlessly await the reward of his Judge. Does not the sense and experience of every man say, that in the hands of such a person the liberties of a nation must be preserved? Elevate, then, no man to stations of such honor and trust who is morally incapacitated for its duties, who would trample under his feet the Revelation of Jehovah, despise the first principle which governs Heaven—"love to God," and the second law obligatory upon earth—"love to man."

These remarks apply with equal force and truth to those whom you should select as your legislators. Look at those who compose your State and general assemblies, and then ask how large is their number who, from their moral disability, are unable to advance your happiness. Will those who are themselves profligates tear down your gambling houses, and demolish your haunts of iniquity? Do you not blush that such should be honored with seats where no unhallowed tongue should speak? that vice should be mingled with virtue, and that the tears and prayers of *true* patriotism should be mocked by the sneers and chills of infidelity!

But the character of such men is the character of their constituents. In general, every representative is a sample of the moral, as well as the intellectual traits of those who depute them to legislate. If the former are men addicted to habits of intemperance and immorality, so are a majority of the latter. If ignorance, depravity, and party rancor, distinguish the one, rest assured they will the other. Judge, then, from your knowledge of the persons who occupy your halls of legislation, to what extent a reformation should be effected, if we would most successfully strengthen the bonds and blessings of our Union. We congratulate you that the means of knowledge are increasing, that colleges and seminaries of learning are arising in various sections of our land. Let such institutions be supported and multiplied. They are the beacons that will light your care-worn mariners to an anchorage of safety, when the political elements are enraged. But while you are enthusiastic in establishing these higher departments of science, and filling them with the sons of the wealthy, neglect not those of a lower grade.

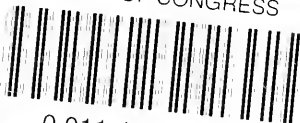
As many of the rising generation have not the resources whereby to enjoy the benefits of the most desirable course of education, let the noble system of **FREE SCHOOLS** be every where extended, that all may qualify themselves to discharge the duties of civil life.

Cast your eyes westward, it has been said that the present century will close with a population of twenty millions in the valley of the Mississippi. Shall knowledge keep pace with this vast increase of our race? What is now the condition of its inhabitants? Coming from every quarter of the globe, many of them have by education the principles of absolute monarchy strongly implanted in their minds. Of a government like our own, they can have no correct conception. And, yet, with all these disqualifications, the whole control of this nation will very shortly lie in their hands. Pause, then, patriots and statesmen, philanthropists and christians, lovers of civil and religious freedom! Stretch your eyes from the northern to the southern boundary of this favored empire, look upon the plains crimsoned with the blood of your fathers. see a great confederacy united by common interests, and possessing within themselves every facility for wealth and national honor—listen to the millions of voices which are this day swelling over hill and dale in the anthems of joy. Oh! shall yon sun ever rise or set upon our country in ruins? Shall our “solemn temples be the resort of muttering monks and infidel bacchanalians?” Shall the stranger ever visit our shores, as he now visits those of the once fertile and blooming Palestine, only to see the wreck of human magnificence, and to gather up historic relics of our past existence. But let us not indulge in such gloomy forebodings. It is only for us to say that such shall *not* be the case, and its done. It is only for us to disseminate the light of knowledge, and instil into every breast the principles of morality and religion, and we shall exceed our own hopes. Let me insist, above all else, upon the importance of these two ingredients needful to accomplish this object. Be not deceived by supposing that “the idolatry of science alone is the purifying and preserving salt of the nations.” The renowned Lord Brougham was in an error, when he exclaimed, in the Parliament of England, “give the people knowledge and they will guard their rights for *themselves*.” The eras of Ethiopian, Egyptian, Chinese, and Grecian illumination contradict the assertion. Modern times also furnish an example to the point. In the reign of Louis XVI, we see France one great school of philosophy. In the language of another, “for a while the philosophers rode proudly and gloriously, like Tritons, amid the waves they had excited, but they had forgotten to provide the only trident of sufficient power to control and allay the storm. The very weapons they had forged in the laboratories of phi-

losophic seclusion, were turned against themselves. They had put the two-edged sword of knowledge into the hands of maniacs, or rather demoniacs, from whose minds were obliterated every sentiment of virtue, every idea of moral accountability. It was not ignorance that deluged France in an ocean of blood, but *unbaptised science*.

Shun then the rocks on which others have wrecked their all. Turn your attention to a speedy and thorough reformation in morals ; shut the flood gates of vice ; stay the progress of luxury, riots, and over heated party spirit ; uproot the superstition and crimes too prevalent among us, and sow the seeds of knowledge and virtue. And, in the midst of our prosperity, let us not be unmindful of Him who has thus far crowned our labors with his smiles and goodness. As a nation we must honor his name, reverence his sanctuary, confess our sins, and be humble at his feet. We must erect an altar in every heart, from which shall go up the pure incense of prayer and praise to Almighty God, the preserver and guardian of our liberties. And then, though the powers of the earth be combined against us, we may still exclaim with heart felt satisfaction, "happy is that nation whose God is the Lord." Then we shall attain an eminence from which no tyrant can hurl us ; an elevation where no winds or tempests can annoy us ; and while the elements may be in commotion at our feet, we will sit in calm serenity, while the sun of our glory penetrates and dispels the darkness that shrouds the nations of the earth.

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